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GROW FRUIT.

The people of Southern Pines and vicinity should emphasize the fact that to renew the interest in fruit growing would be to invite more homes and more farms, more prosperity. Our steady growth as a winter resort, and the large number of real nice and comfortable homes being built by those who come to us from the North, will continue to be an important factor in the making of a popular town through the winter season. But that is not enough; we must have more people here in the summer season. With a careful observation for the past seven years the fact is plain that a majority of our citizens are not in favor of making this a manufacturing town (with the possible exception of having fruit canning establishments), and such a position is probably the best, as we have no local railroad competition, and no chance for any one at present. For the shipment of fruit we have the same lovely haul rates given points where competition is strong, and it has been demonstrated that we can grow more successive fruit crops on our soil than almost any other section. Let us organize in an effort to push the fruit growing interests, and when we cannot ship at remunerative prices can it at home.

The many friends of Prof. Frank Clements, Jr., will regret to learn of his death, which ocurred yesterday morning. Prof. Clements has been with us for several years, coming from Pittsburg, Pa., and was manager of the Prospect House for the past year. His remains will be sent to his former home.

YOU LEAVE, THAT'S ENOUGH!

"Oslin, if you'll agree to leave town we'll be good to you: we'll take the Free Press off your hands; in fact we'll settle up all unfinished business and send you whats coming; any old thing—just so you leave". This is the kind of hot air that has been poured into our ears ever since Southern Pines developed so many absolutely perfect and successful newspaper men.

But all this kindness and these flattering offers have been declined with thanks. This week we have satisfied a claim against us by parting with a portion of the material in the office, though the work of running the paper and continuing the business will not be interferred with in the least. We yet have plenty of material, and a new press will be in the office in a few days.

Not being wealthy and being a man of family it is necessary that we labor and it is our firm conviction that when a man works he is deserving of a living—and we further believe that there are good people enough in Southern Pines and vicinity to support an institution which has for its motto truth and honesty.

A fifty-ton all-steel car for the use of the railway mail service has been built by the Erie Railroad in response to an appeal based on the killing of 102 postal clerks in ten years and nearly 2600 injured in wrecks for that period. In this model car heavy steelwork at the ends, a strong steel canopy overhead and a heavy steel underbody make it certain to withstand the shock of almost any collision. This is a splendid idea so far as it goes, thinks the New York Press. It is capable of considerable development. If special protection is furnished to the railway mail clerks, and if a car can be built to "withstand almost any collision," why not build all passenger cars in the same manner?

Happily there is room in the West and Southwest for every man capable of labor in the fields, declares the Philadelphia Record. There the demand for unskilled labor was never more insistent, and thither the swarming immigrants should take their way and become an instant factor in promoting the general prosperity.

The veterans of the Mexican war rise to a new position of distinction, now that Hiram Cronk is dead.

SECRESARY WILSON REMAINS FIRM

Secretary Wilson Declares That Unless There Are New Developments Regarding the Cotton Leak He Will Abide Result So Far Attained.

Washington, Special.—Unless there are new developments in connection with the cotton leakage investigation, Secretary Wilson said Tuesday that he proposed to stand on the report of the secret service officers. He expected, however, that the investigation would give rise to various rumors and stories of irregularities in connection with the Department's reports on other products, but that where there was the slightest tangible evidence to work upon he would go to the bottom of every complaint and publish the results of his investigation. Already, he said, the allegation had been made that the tobacco figures had been manipulated and the matter would be looked into. But for the present he had nothing further to say.

The new system of preparing the monthly crop report, devised since the cotton investigation began, was put in force Tuesday. That report was made public late Tuesday evening and the Secretary believes that the steps taken to safeguard the figures were well-nigh perfect. Early in the day Assistant Secretary Hayes, Chief Statistician Hyde and several experts of the Department were placed in a room under lock and key and they were not to be permitted to come out until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The telephones in the room were disconnected, and a careful scrutiny was kept of the windows to avoid the possibility of a leak through private signals.

No communications of any sort have been received from Mr. Price or his attorney, and the Secretary believes that so far as the cotton investigation report is concerned it is a closed incident.

The Czar's Friend Murdered.

Moscow, By Cable.—Major General Count Shuvaloff, prefect of police here, and formerly attached to the Ministry of the Interior, was assassinated Tuesday morning while receiving petitions. One of the petitioners drew a revolver and fired five times at the prefect, who fell dead. The assassin was arrested.

The assassin awaited in the anteroom of the prefecture till the other petitioners had been received and then entering the audience room, he advanced towards Count Shuvaloff, firing five shots at close range. The bullets passed through the body of the prefect.

The assassin, who was dressed as a peasant, has not been identified. He was recently arrested as a political suspect, but escaped from the police station before his examination.

Dargan Commits Suicide.

Charleston, S. C., Special.—A special from Darlington says that R. Keith Dargan, formerly president of the Independent Cotton Oil Company and the Darlington Trust Company, committed suicide by drinking four ounces of carbolic acid. Dargan was talking to his brother a short while before the deed was done and seemed in good spirits, although the failure of the mills and the closing of the trust company's doors were naturally weighing upon his mind. He left a note which the coroner has taken, in which it is known that he mentioned the financial troubles, and stated that he intended to kill himself. The oil company was capitalized at $1,000,000, and it is rumored that the deficiencies may reach $700,000.

Declines Railroad Passes.

Washington, Special.—It is stated at the Navy Department that Secretary Bonaparte has outlined his opinion in reference to accepting passes for free transportation on the railroads, by returning passes that have been sent to him, with thanks for the courtesy, but stating that by reason of public position which he occupies he feels unable to avail himself of such consideration.

Killed Convicted Negro.

Jackson, Miss., Special.—Davis Collins, a negro who was convicted of attempted criminal assault on Miss Hogg, at a special term of the Copia county court, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, was killed on the way to prison by Mr. Dickey, a brother-in-law of Miss Hogg. The killing occurred at Crystal Springs. Mr. Dickey boarded the train at Hazelhurst. When it stopped at Crystal Springs, Dickey walked into the coach where Sergeant Dodds was sitting with the prisoner, and drawing a pistol Dickey fired three shots into the negro's body. Death was instantaneous. Dickey surrendered.

Railroad From Norfolk to Beaufort.

Raleigh, Special.—A special from Elizabeth City says the Carolina Coast Railroad Company was organized there to build a railroad from Norfolk to Beaufort, N. C. President, W. B. Roper, of Norfolk; secretary, W. T. Harris, Norfolk; directors, W. B. Rodman, Thomas Duncan, W. B. Roper, W. T. Harris and W. C. Rodman, are all stock subscribers.

Pluck, Romance and Adventure.

HUNTING THE GRIZZLIES.

ONE of the best places for bear is at the Big Bend of the Columbia River, and the spring is the best season of the year for hunting grizzlies. At that period they are more than unusually ugly, and as the young cubs are produced in the spring a she bear will give a hunter all the excitement he wants. A good grizzly will weigh about eight hundred pounds. They can travel over the ground very fast, and a hunter who has not a shot left in his gun in case of emergencies will often be in a bad box.

James Brewster and Fred Hussey last year went grizzly hunting at Big Bend. They made their camp on the Big Shingle Flats, and then waited in camp until late in the afternoon. In the middle of the day one might travel through that section and never see a sign of a bear, but as soon as the sun gets down so that the shadows cover the slides the bears come out to feed on the wild potato that grows there in abundance. The valley at Big Bend is twelve miles long, and toward evening a bear can be seen on almost every slide. Until molested, these big animals will as a rule let the hunter alone, and often run away from a man. But when wounded a bear will put up the prettiest fight one wants to see.

Brewster and Hussey started out to look for bear, and about sixty or seventy yards from their camp found a big she bear, which they at once decided they wanted. The bear had just come out of the woods, and the wind was blowing from the bear toward the hunter, so that she was unsuspicious of the trouble in store for her. Both men dropped into a cutting, and as soon as the bear got into a favorite position, Hussey fired. The shot was a little low, and striking the bear in the foreleg broke it.

The bear let out a growl, snapped viciously at the bushes and looked around to see what caused the trouble, but the hunter had dropped out of sight. Hussey fired again, and this time the bullet struck the bear fairly in the ribs, and again she howled with the pain and terror, but did not stop going toward where Hussey and Brewster were hiding. At the third shot, which also hit her, she discovered the men and went for them on the run. Four shots from the magazine rifle were poured into her, but although all hit not one stopped the bear and Hussey, who was doing the firing, began to breathe hard.

The bear was getting nearer than he liked, and when she was only eight or nine feet away two more shots rolled her over. The bear rolled down into a creek and started to float down with the current. Brewster went in the creek after her and she made a pass at him with her paw that caused him to duck back. He followed the bear for about half an mile before she died. Then the body was hauled ashore, the head and feet cut off and saved. The skin was not in good shape, so the hunters let it go.

During that trip to Big Bend these two men saw twenty-eight bears in seven days, and of these they shot nine, and not one of these was more than half a mile from their camp.

BENEATH NIAGARA.

Under the cataract of Niagara, from an opening beneath the Horseshoe Falls to a pit sunk behind a cofferdam in the bed of the river two thousand feet up-stream, a tunnel has been bored as an outlet for one of the new electrical development companies. Its construction was made possible, says The World To-Day, by two of the most thrilling journeys ever undertaken by workmen.

When the big tunnel—it is twenty-six feet high and twenty-three feet wide—was to be begun, neither end of it was within the reach of the engineers, for one was seven hundred feet out from shore, behind the veil of the falls, where no man had ever been, and the other was one hundred and fifty feet beneath the cascades. An approach tunnel was therefore drifted out from shore, one hundred and fifty-eight feet below ground, under the brink of the falls, toward the site selected for the portal.

To avoid bringing all material to the surface for dumping, the engineers had a side tunnel bored to empty beneath the falls. Where it opened lay a huge pile of debris, and as soon as the opening was made spray from this pile began to fill the tunnel. It came in so fast that work was abandoned. Pumps were started, but still the water rose till it was sixteen feet deep in the shaft on shore. It looked then as if the whole enterprise on which a fortune had been spent, would be a failure.

Then three foremen employed on the work volunteered to go through the tunnel in a skiff and blow away the debris. They secured a punt from the Maid of the Mist and lowered it down the shaft. The water was within two feet of the roof of the tunnel, but they determined to make the journey. They loaded their boat with dynamite and electric wire and enough iron to sink it till it would allow them to move along the tunnel. Then lying on their backs, they pushed the boat along the waterway by pressing against the roof with hands and feet. Their progress was slow, and their situation, directly below the mighty Niagara, was as appalling as it was unique. But they persevered, and at last reached the portal through which the water was entering.

Only a tiny opening was left there, but one by one they left the skiff and crawled through, to stand—the first of all men—behind the river. There they fixed the dynamite in place.

Returning with the wires which were to fire the charge, they upset their skiff and had to swim much of the way; but they arrived in safety—only to find upon touching the button that they had not taken enough dynamite to finish the work.

Then a new trick was tried. A line of volunteers, roped together like Alpine tourists, went out along the heap of debris behind the fall, at the foot of the Horseshoe, carrying dynamite in large quantity. These men, too, were traveling in a place where no men had ever before been. On the way one of the boxes of dynamite was dropped and burst open on the rocks, but fortunately did not explode. The rest was buried at the entrance to the tunnel. At midnight that night there was an explosion which shook the American side of the river like an earthquake—and this time the effort was crowned with success. The water flowed out quickly, and thenceforth work in the tunnel was prosecuted with ease.

UNSUNG HEROES.

As announced in the Daily News last Saturday, several additional tablets are shortly to be placed in the Watts Memorial Cloister in St. Botolph's Churchyard, Aldersgate street, to commemorate heroic deeds done by Londoners.

The names of the new heroes and their deeds are here given:

William Drake, seeing two ladies in danger at Stanhope Gate, as their carriage horses were unmanageable, sprang to the horses' heads and received a kick from which he died. April 2, 1839.

Ellen Donovan (of Lincoln's court), Great Wild street, when her neighbor's house was on fire, asked if "the poor brats were out," and rushing inside was burned to death. July 28, 1873.

George Lee, fireman, at a fire in Clerkenwell carried an unconscious girl to the escape, falling six times. July 26, 1876.

Richard Farris, laborer, drowned May 28, 1878, while trying to save a girl in the canal, Globe Bridge, Peckham.

William Goodman, aged sixty, having to protect some workmen on a railway, and seeing a man in danger, placed himself before the train, shouting and waving his arms, and was killed. February 28, 1880.

David Silver, aged twelve, supported his drowning comrade off Woolwich, crying, "Keep up a little longer, Jim!" They sank clasped in each other's arms. September 12, 1886.

Robert Wright, police constable, entered a burning house to save a woman, knowing there were oil casks in a cellar. A petroleum cask exploded and he was burned to death. April 30, 1892.

W. Sheehan, a hopper from the East End, sprang off Paddock Wood platform in front of a train to save a woman, and was dragging her clear when he was run over. September 4, 1895.

Mrs. Tarwen, of Bermondsey, when a house was on fire, tried three times to mount the burning stairs to save her aged mother. She died of burns. March 26, 1900.

Stewart Brown, surgeon, of Brockley road, though suffering from severe spinal injury, rescued a drowning man, and for two hours worked to resuscitate him, dying from the effects. October 17, 1900.

Harry James Bristow, aged eight, of Walthamstow, when his little sister got on fire tore her clothes off and severely burnt himself. December 30, 1900.

Sarah Smith, pantomime artist at the Princess' Theatre, rushed in her inflammable dress to save another whose clothes caught fire, and was terribly burned. January 25, 1863.—London Daily News.

TO EDUCATE A BOY HERO.

Helen Gould has succeeded in inducing Leroy I. Dixon, the San Juan (Col.) ranchman's son who saved a Rio Grande passenger train from wreck last fall, to accept a reward in the shape of a college education. General Manager Schlacks gave the boy a life pass, and with other officials of the road and trainmen with whom the boy was acquainted urged the boy to accept an education, but he refused until Miss Gould wrote him a letter. He is to have his choice of universities.

Dixon was on his way to school five miles from his home when he saw a huge mass of rock on the track, and far down the canon he heard the whistle of the approaching train. The boy scrambled down the mountain side and ran down the track waving his handkerchief. Engineer McCabe saw him in time to stop the train twenty feet from the rockslide.

Knew Solomon All Right.

A little girl who attended regularly a Sunday-school where the internation lessons are taught went one afternoon to the class of a playmate and heard catachism questions for the first time in her life. She was asked several questions and was much mortified not to be able to answer them.

"Who was the first man?" No answer.

"Do you know who Noah was?" A shake of the head and the question was passed on.

Finally the teacher said, "Did you ever hear about Solomon, dear?"

Here was an acquaintance at last, and the little girl's face broke into smiles.

"Oh, yes," she replied, confidently; "I know him all the way through. 'Solomon Grundy, born on Monday.' Want me to say the rest?"—New York Press.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

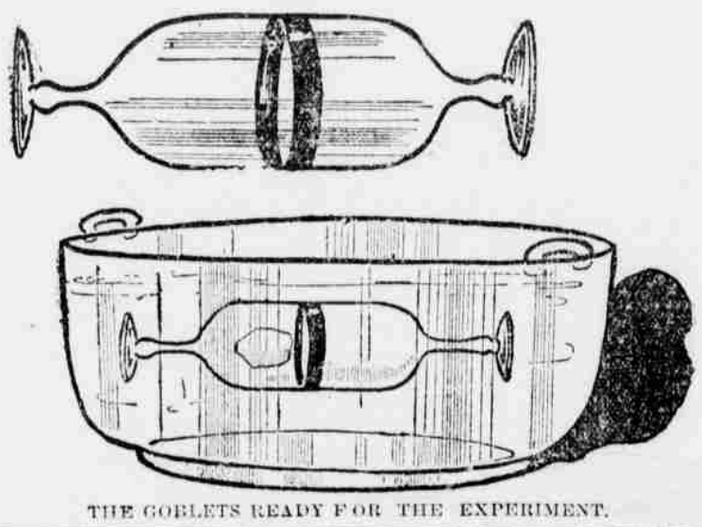
WONDERFUL MAGIC GOBLETS.

Did you ever hear of thunder in a goblet? Of course it would have to be miniature thunder, or it would shatter the goblet; and indeed, it is so small an edition of it that the noise is like the popping of a cork from a bottle. But the principle of the thunder is, nevertheless, there—that is, the inrushing of air to fill a vacuum.

Here is a pretty experiment showing this: Take two goblets and place them mouth to mouth; then put around them, where the brims meet, a rubber band about an inch in width, to prevent the passage of air.

Try now to pull them apart, and you will find that they stick together very closely, so closely, indeed, that you may swing them as a pendulum without their separating. But pull with still more force and they will come apart with the noise that I have mentioned.

Let us make another experiment with them. Immerse them in water contained in a vessel large enough to hold them both readily, and while still under water place them mouth to mouth. Put the rubber band around them while they are in this condition, and having taken them out of the water you will find that you can swing them as before, and that to pull them apart requires more force than when they were empty. The reason is that the water does not expand like air, so that, the moment you begin to pull the goblets apart, the vacuum is formed; and



THE GOBLETS READY FOR THE EXPERIMENT.

the pressure of the outside air makes them adhere more closely because the vacuum is greater.

You may think that it is the rubber band that is holding the goblets together, but still another experiment will show you that the only purpose served by the band is to make a tight joint so that air cannot pass through it. Cut a ring from a sheet of rubber, and put the goblets under water as before. Into one of them put a piece of ice and over its brim place the rubber ring, bringing the other goblet against the ring, too, so that they are mouth to mouth, with only the flat rubber ring between them.

Now, when the ice begins to melt, the contents of that goblet contract, forming a vacuum, and the pressure of the outside air holds the goblets so closely together that you may handle them out of the water without their separating.

To have perfect success with these experiments it is only necessary to use care in preparing for them.—New York Evening Mail.

A JOLLY JAPANESE GAME.

Minko is a game played by the Japanese boys. Two boys play it; one throws a red disk face down on the ground, and the other tries to strike it so hard with his green disk that it turns over, and thus wins the red one. —Indianapolis News.

THE NAUGHTY JAP BOY.

The Japanese schoolboy who is naughty is not obliged to stand in a corner with a paper cap on his head, but is given a piece of lighted punk; and must stand in front of the class and hold it until it is all burned. The length of the punk depends on the misdemeanor.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Our bald-headed eagle, so called because the feathers on the top of his head are white, was called the Washington eagle by Audubon, the great naturalist. Like Washington, he is brave and fearless, and as his name and greatness are known the world over, so can the eagle soar beyond others.

The eagle was adopted as the emblem of the United States in 1785, since when it has been used on the tips of flagpoles, coins, United States seals and on the shield of liberty.

SQUIRRELS AND DOGS.

"Squirrels need no protection from dogs," said Attorney Harry Sloan, of Janesville, Wis., to a Milwaukee Sentinel reporter, "in fact, in the park at Madison I have seen them tease dogs for the sport of it.

"They will scamper to the street, take a tantalizing position, and let a dog get nearly to them. They ascend the tree just far enough to be beyond the dog. They seem to know by instinct just how far the dog can jump, and they stay just beyond his reach. They used to build fences around the park to protect the squirrels from the dogs, but it was soon discovered that they needed no protection and that they enjoy being chased by their canine enemies."

FLOATING NESTS.

When mother grebe is ready to lay her eggs, she searches out some retired spot among the reeds and rushes of a lonely lake, and there scrapes and pushes together a low heap of mud and decayed reeds. Here in this water-logged islet—this merest semblance of a nest—she broods her eggs.

A moose splashing among the nearby lily pads may send floods of water over the sitting bird, or the winds may disentangle the little raft of reeds, sending it scudding to the farther end of the lake, but the bright eyes of the mother bird never falter. She carefully covers her eggs with decayed leaves whenever hunger forces her to leave them. Although she does not weave the reeds, says Recreation, yet in some way they hold together until the last little grebe crawls to the edge and plunges off head-first. Or, he may leap upon his mother's back and thus ride proudly forth into the world, exchanging the soaked, decayed leaves of his cradle for her feathers.—Philadelphia Record.

POOR, BUT RICH.

Once, in New England, says a writer in the Outlook, I was driving with an old farmer, and some men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I asked, "Is he a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the farmer replied, "he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"He has a great deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then he explained:

"You see, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he doesn't owe anything, and he ain't afraid of anybody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family and his neighbors; his word is as good as a bond, and every man, woman and child in the town looks up to him and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man, because he's got all he needs and all he wants."

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants he is certainly rich, and when he lacks these things he is certainly poor.

Back Bows.

Bows for the young girl's back hair are as large as ever.

The black bow of winter (most girls with dark clothes wore black ones) has disappeared, and its place has been taken by the bow of white. This snowy accessory is of broad ribbon, taffeta being the usual choice.